

Some Debutante Styles.

An Age of Glittering Gilded Fashion--The Gold Fever Has Spread In All the Realm of Dress and Twinkling Bits of What Is Called Nugget Gold Is Seen on Every Side In the Shape of Flowers, Spangles, Etc.

New York, Nov. 8.—This golden age of fashion is growing a little bit oppressive. From her hat to her shoes and the handle of her umbrella, the young woman who follows the mode is as gilded and glittering as the famous Miss Kimberson. A warrior bold on dress parade makes a poor show of gilt lace and buttons, shining yellow braids and tassels, beside a society recruit, or veteran, bound on the persistent but peaceful mission of leaving her card on every acquaintance. The gold fever has spread to the harness makers even, and the horses that pull

variety in dress burns most brightly this season in the fancy waist department, whether at the department stores or at the exclusive dressmaker's. A woman could confidently put her hand into a pile of fancy waists this season and select a dress of this special type of garment. Simple or fanciful, its lines are always good, its colors are in white and black and rose color. It boasts a vest of white silk, down the edges of which run pleatings of white silk muslin; down the center a decoration of tiny gilt buttons made a most elaborate ornamentation. The sleeves were white and were ruffled with black chenille, while the same soft trimming edged the collar and formed a bow knot drapey in front.



THREE PRETTY HOUSE BODIES.

luxurious broughams wear on their bridles and traces letterings and crests in gold.

In the milliners' shops toques of cloth of gold are offered for sale; the bigger the gold hat buckles are the better, and the osprey for evening wear droops, like an apple tree in full fruit, with twinkling bits of what is called nugget gold. Of course, a reaction against this vulgarization of a beautiful and fitting ornament in dress will set in by and by, but just at present everything that glitters is gold sure enough, and some of the bright fabric is charming indeed.

Gilded Cloths.

There is, for instance, the gold splashed panne, that is of new things the newest. It is expensive, for the gold is applied to the surface of the material by hand and from the point of a brush; very wisely so, for the gold is a material used chiefly as a trimming, as is the Russian lace, on which heavy gold flowers are embroidered, and nine-tenths of the women reserve a display of their golden treasures for the theatre, house, reception and evening gowns.

That which they prefer to wear when walking is a cloth gown decked with gleaming yellow braid, such as a well-dressed young woman in the autumn fields. She is wearing a furry surfaced tuxedo, which the prevailing tone is a soft woody brown. The yoke of her waist shows the Raglan cut on the shoulders, in order to enhance the appearance of width at this point, and her cuffs take the form of undersleeves. At waist and shoulders, cuffs and dress bottom run double lines of braid and one, the outer one, of soft brown silk laid upon a mat Hercules of bright gold. Her undersleeves are made of heavy soft yellow silk and her hat is a brown velvet toque, with a big gold buckle holding fast a taunting plume.

Simple as this study in brown and yellow is, it gives an excellent idea of the type of gown the rather conservative woman seems to prefer, and it shows the only two genuinely novel features in dress this season.

Spread of the Undersleeve.

As to the undersleeve, it has found friends on all sides and grown prettier and more graceful with every new costume. Properly trimmed, the undersleeve is quite a thing in itself, and it makes a large hand look small and a small one large, and a dressmaker of experience says there are at least fifteen different approved modes of undersleeve now in active use.

One of the very prettiest is given in the illustration. Black panne, matinee gown. Pastel red cloth is the fabric of coat and skirt, the bolero coat opening



A Jacket Waist For a Calling Gown.

upon a vest of soft red crepe de chine embroidered in black in a regular Persian pattern. Black panne forms the revers and cuff facings, the belt and collar; embroidered crepe de chine serves gracefully for the undersleeves. Lines of black stitching run out upon the bust and sleeve tops of the coat and decorate the skirt upon the hips, while the one touch of gold in this costume is the small gilt points, which finish the bottom of the bolero at back and front. A soft chiffon covers the strap that holds the fronts of the coat together and the hat of black velvet shows a red cockade of feathers on one side.

House Bodies.

Where the true genius for color and

rect himself in his style of dressing, is, nevertheless, very particular about the correctness of his courtier's dress, and those who daily surround him. A certain well known count, recognized in Vienna as one of the most learned men in Austria, is also recognized as one of the most careless and slovenly as regards his attire. Once at court, he appeared before his emperor even more unduly than usual. "Sir," said the outspoken emperor, "study has I have no doubt, considerably adorned your mind; but I should take it as the greatest favor if you would allow some tailor to adorn your body as well."

GIRL CATTLE QUEEN.

She is Called "Miss Million" and Owns Vast Herds of Cattle. (St. Louis Republic.)

It was just about eight years ago that an invalid woman came to Texas seeking health, and with her was a pretty and modest girl, serving in the capacity of companion. The sick woman was the wife of a wealthy Toledo, O., merchant named Payne, and the girl was Miss Nadine Parmer, who had accepted the position of traveling companion because she was tired of the drudgery of teaching music in a small



town and wanted to rest from this sort of work a while and look up a better location where she might establish herself, should she wish to take up music teaching again.

Mrs. Payne died and her husband telegraphed directions for having her remains shipped home, but no provision was made for the return of the girl. Sad at heart and among strangers, the lonely young companion sat in one of the hotel parlors when she had become very fond of her invalid friend, and she was grieved at her death, as well as worried about her own predicament. Bravely she had kept her distress to herself, but finally, as is a woman's way, she fell to crying. Very quietly, but the tears were noted by a kind-hearted Texan, and what then seemed to Nadine Parmer the most dreary day of her life turned to be one of the brightest.

The man who found the lonely girl in the hotel parlors was "Old Bill Ferguson," one of the most noted cattlemen in the Lone Star state. With his characteristic boldness and usual kindness he addressed Miss Parmer as "little girl," and asked her what was the matter. A glance at the rugged features assured the girl that she had found a friend, and between sobs she told him of her misfortunes. The old man drew a chair up beside hers, and said, when she had finished her little tale of woe:

Well, now, if that's all, you haven't a thing in the world to cry about. I can easily fix things for you. I have three big girls just dyin' for some nice young lady like you to come and learn 'em how to read and write and play the pianer. You just get your clothes together and we'll go out to Broad Ax ranch on the Rio Grande, and there you'll find a welcome waitin' you from three of the finest girls in Texas."

Miss Parmer did not have to inquire far as to who her benefactor might be. Three or four women came crowding about them, and when they had heard the old Texan's plan they said Miss Parmer was a lucky girl, for "Old Bill Ferguson" was one of the best and richest men in the state.

The newly-appointed governess and her friend went out then to do some shopping. There were "silk dress patterns" enough bought that day to stock four pianos had better be bought, as "there are four of you now."

The young governess was very happy in her new home, and the wages paid her were so liberal that she was astonished and refused to accept so much money. But the family laughed at



New Feather Boa.

her and what she did not spend Bill Ferguson put away for her. One day he suggested that he "buy a few cows" at a bargain with the reserve fund. The girl told him to do so if he pleased, and later learned that the "few cows" numbered 700 head of cattle.

After learning the extent of her purchase Miss Parmer said it occurred to her that it would not be a bad idea to take some interest in her cattle and to add to them from time to time. In the course of time the Ferguson family found itself in poor financial circumstances. "Old Bill Ferguson" had died, and there had come great losses



STREET SUIT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

through the sale of cattle, Miss Parmer had been wonderfully successful with her investments, buying and selling just at the right time, and she came ready to the aid of her friends. Now she has cattle lands in Mexico as well as Texas, and is known as "Miss Million, the Cattle Queen."

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

No Happier in Royal Circles Than Among Ordinary Mortals

Modern history is full of the unhappy tale of dowager queens. The position of mother-in-law is always most difficult and delicate, and trebly so when mother-in-law to a queen. It is an open secret that the life of the Empress Frederick, since the death of her noble husband, has been far from happy. The worst of all reasons—disturbance with her imperious son—has been the cause of much family friction.

The Empress Frederick has always been too thoroughly English to be popular in Germany. Bismarck was her enemy, and, working constantly against her, succeeded in estranging son and mother. Her preference for Sir Morell Mackenzie as her husband's medical adviser in his long illness was construed into her desire at any cost to enjoy the estate and title of empress. Hence it was most scandalously asserted, her opposition to the operation proposed by the German surgeons.

The young prince—now emperor—William, was opposed by Bismarck to his mother. And when the brief reign of the Emperor Frederick came to an end the rupture became more pronounced. Shamed by the insults heaped upon her by the official press for her conduct in the betrothal of her daughter, Princess Victoria, to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, was further incensed against her mother by a report that she had spoken slightly of the intellectual dullness and density of his young son-in-law. William and his mother were not on speaking terms for years. Even now they rarely see each other.

For a long time the court of Lisbon was divided into two rival factions—the supporters of the Dowager Queen Maria Pia and of Queen Amelie. It was in this wise: The late King Luiz was an easy-going monarch, but of profound disposition to manage state affairs. He was glad, indeed, for his vigorous and strong-minded queen to rule for him.

The present King Carlos, his son, is of just the opposite. When Luiz died his widow, Maria Pia, retained the reins of government. Her son Carlos did not object, but his queen, Amelie, did. As imperious and clever as her mother-in-law, Amelie determined to be queen in more than name. But the queen dowager had ruled for the twenty-eight years of her husband's reign, and she would not yield readily. But, after much quarreling and bitterness, Queen Amelie had her way. Dowager Queen Maria Pia was forced to retire and leave affairs in the hands of her daughter-in-law. In the neighboring court of Madrid, Dowager Queen Isabella II repeatedly attempted to interfere in political and court affairs, until the present queen showed she would rule alone.

At St. Petersburg there is trouble between the empress and dowager empress. To gentle and refined Alix of Hesse, daughter of Prince Alfred, the haughty and customs of the Russian court are wearisome and repulsive. It is an open secret that the dowager empress is bitterly opposed to her son's marriage. She intended Nicholas to marry Princess Helene of Montenegro, now queen of Italy. He incontinently refused to do so, and wedded Alix of Hesse.

Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law were thus not on the best of terms to begin with. Wide differences arose over the young empress' dislike of Russian customs.

Soon after her accession she forbade ladies of the court to smoke. Now, all ladies smoke in Russia. The dowager empress herself is a great smoker. She took the dowager's word for it, and her daughter-in-law, war, more or less veiled, has since existed between them. In affairs of state the dowager empress insists upon having her way. The Empress Alix has no thought save for her husband and her two young girls. The emperor is a devoted husband, and at the same time seeks his mother's advice on matters of policy. Both dowager and empress appeal to the czar, and he has thus the difficult task of holding the balance evenly between his wife and mother.

William Endorsed.

(Chicago Times-Herald.) Grogan—Phaw's all this fuss about the Improv av Garmany wantin' to kill the Chinese before he begins to negotiate wid them.

McCloskey—That's jist it. Some people think it wouldn't be right to do such a thing.

Grogan—And phaw not! Begorra, if Oi was him Oi wouldn't have a man av them alive to help the others lie out av whin Oi got him cornered and put on thrille.

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AS WELL DRESSED AS AN AMERICAN.

This Is the Envyable Reputation of Mrs. Charles Russell.

The daughter of a simple country gentleman is the Honorable Mrs. Charles Russell, "a beauty and cleverness have earned for her a unique place in London society. Before her marriage she was Miss Adah Williams, and on her union with the second son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen she received a handsome portion from her wealthy and generous father.

Throughout the gay spring season, when London society is most brilliant, Mrs. Russell enters royally into the fashion of small dinners notable for their charm and perfection, and the lovely hostess has among her women friends the enviable reputation of "dressing as well as an American. Indeed, her gowns are no less famous than her good looks, good nature and explicitly appointed dinners, and that renders her beautiful clothes and her fair face most conspicuous is the absence of total disregard she affects for jewel decorations. This is her preference in spite of the fact that she has inherited one of the finest collections of precious stones in England and possesses some marvelous diamonds, one of which is but a little less splendid and valuable than the famous diamond which created so great a sensation at the Paris exposition.

In summer Mrs. Russell and her husband, Mr. Russell, reside in a charming cottage in Ireland, to which

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FAIR WOMEN AND STRANGE CUSTOMS OF THE MAORIS

A Splendid Aboriginal Race of New Zealand That Is Disappearing By Inter-Mixture With White Blood.

Thus runs the chant that used to be sung by the Maoris of New Zealand at the naming of a female child: "May she be industrious in cultivating the ground, in reaching for shell fish, in weaving garments, in weaving ornamental mats. May she be strong to carry burdens."

That is the sort of helpmeet that the Maori woman was expected to be to her husband in the old days. In this respect the infringements of civilization, Christian churches, government schools, have done little to improve her lot in the Maori world. The Maori women are still the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their husbands, at least when they are old. When they are young there's a different story. They can prattle prettily in their soft Maori English, while their glancing eyes and saucy lips are provoking the by no means too hard hearts of Pakeha (white) bushmen. Then would you appreciate the charms of our Maori belles, under the influence of music and the dance, supple forms and graceful motions, scented hair and softer wreaths of smokes and sparkling eyes, the graces of nature not wholly lost under the polish of civilization.

A Maori Belle.

"Pre-eminent among the young ladies of Tanoa is Rakope, princess of the Ngatewhatua. She is a beauty, our Rakope, and more, she is good, she is beautiful. Her color is a soft dusky brown, under which you can see the blood warming her dimpled cheeks. Her figure is perfection's self, ripe and round and full, while every movement shows some new grace and more seductive curve. Her rich brown hair reaches far below her slender waist, and when it is dressed with crimson polihaka blossoms, the orange flowers of the kowhai-gutu kaka or the soft, downy white feathers that the Maoris prize, it would compel the admiration of any London drawing room. Her features are not Grecian, but what professional beauty of London can compare with our Rakope as she is, glowing with the rich, warm color, the subtle delicacies of form and all the luxuriant beauty that is born between the South Sea and the sun.

"To hear Rakope sing is to believe in the sirens, to chat with her and receive her looks and smiles is to be the victim of a gentle witchcraft. Oh, Rakope, I hope you will some day marry a Pakeha rakatika (white gentleman) and endow him with your 1000 acres. Beautiful as the Maori Rakope undeniably is, she commonly dresses in a calico frock—and nothing else unless it is stray hat. Her boucles and ribbons are not always new or fresh when she is costumed in the latest Auckland modes for church. If she dons silk stockings and light slippers for the dance she does so with infinite pain and kicks them off at her earliest opportunity to smoke a comfortable black pipe with some of the ugliest of the old women of her tribe; and moreover, in her home, which is smoky beyond the peradventure of a doubt, probably

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